

Sealed Lips by emeraldxcity

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: 15 year old Dustin, 15 year old Lucas, 15 year old Mike, 15 year old Will, M/M, Other, Unrequited Crush

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers & Mike Wheeler, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-01-21

Updated: 2017-01-21

Packaged: 2022-04-02 00:22:01

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,323

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Will tries to figure out how to cope with unwanted feelings and Mike has something important to ask him.

Sealed Lips

“No way, man! Professor X would totally-” Fifteen year old Will Byers tunes out the newest argument between Dustin and Lucas, not even in the mood to laugh at Mike's attempts to bridge some sort of agreement between the two. The first few months after his return from the Upside Down, Will had done his best to try to fit back into their group of friends and eventually had just exhausted himself of pretending things were fine. That didn't mean he didn't want to have his best friends anymore, it just meant things had changed. *He* had been what had changed. Granted, things were better in comparison to that first year back, but a part of him still felt *wrong*. Actually, *many* things about him felt wrong but only one of those had to do with his disappearance when he was twelve.

He still hasn't told his friend he's queer. It had taken him so long to come to terms with the fact that he didn't like girls, to **accept** who he was. Not because he didn't want to believe it, more so that he was afraid of the repercussions that would come from it. Even after all of these years, he was still afraid his friends might not accept him if they knew the truth. He was *terrified* that things would change because of him once more, afraid that this time they couldn't make things work. He was afraid of being alone and left in the dark all over again. And maybe, just *maybe*, he could find the courage to tell his friends that he's gay if he hadn't gone and developed feelings for one of them. Two years later and the ridiculous feelings hadn't so much as faded, in fact Will was positive that they might have grown. It wasn't as if he could just stop hanging around them for a while and let it pass, they'd *know* something was wrong and then he'd get the interrogation of a lifetime and one of them would manage to pry the object of his infatuation straight from his mouth.

The teen sighs almost silently to himself, staring down at the half picked at sandwich before he dares to glance over at Mike. Thankfully the Wheeler boy isn't looking at him, too focused on joining in the now heated argument between the other two boys. He's not quite as lanky now (something that Will had yet to be gifted with) but still just as pale and features just as sharp as his wit. Will knew it was stupid to have feelings for him, *knew* he'd never return

them. And yet there was always this part of him that desperately hoped he was wrong. He didn't know why. It's like things would ever work out even if Mike did like other guys. Will was pretty sure his brother and his mom would understand but he had a strong suspicion that being queer would not fly well with the Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler.

He practically rips his gaze from Mike when he hears his name, glancing to Dustin and Lucas and trying his best not to look like he'd just been caught cheating on a test or something.

“W-What?” He silently scolds himself for the stutter because it definitely does *not* make him look any more innocent.

Lucas sighs, hands moving animatedly as he answers, “Come on, Will! Who's right?”

Of course he would get asked for his opinion when he hadn't even been *listening* to the argument.

“I agree with Mike.” The Byers boy replies with a slight shrug before taking a small bite of his sandwich to seem more casual.

Dustin makes an exasperated noise that Lucas quickly interrupts. “You *always* agree with Mike!”

“Yeah, because if I agree with either of you then I've got a week long argument on my hands.” He replies, giving them a grin because it was *true*. Usually agreeing with Mike was the safest bet when it came to disputes over fictional universes.

“Will the *wise*.” He hears Mike teases before feeling a sharp elbow nudge him in the side. He gives him an almost bashful smile which wasn't exactly out of character, so would likely go unnoticed as being strange.

He really needed to do something about this whole crush on Mike Wheeler thing.

By the end of the day when they're leaving the school parking lot on their bikes, Lucas and Dustin are *still* in disagreement over which of the X-men would beat Gandolf in a fight. “I'm *telling* you-”

“I *know* what you're telling me but you're **wrong**.”

The teen watches as Mike slows his bike so he's somewhat next to Will and farther behind the argument seeing as he'd given up *hours* ago like any sane person would. He figures the other won't say anything or if he does, it'll be some kind of joke about Lucas and Dustin fighting. Instead, he does neither and takes the youngest Byers completely off guard.

“What are you doing tonight?”

“What?” The response slips past Will's lips almost *too* quickly and he glances over at Mike almost startled before he corrects himself, relaxing.

“What are you doing tonight?” Mike repeats, giving him one of those almost teasing grins.

“I dunno. Math homework, I guess... Why?” It was a lie, he'd already *finished* his math homework in class hours ago. Why he felt the need to lie about it, he wasn't quite sure. That was also a lie and deep down he knew it. He'd been avoiding spending any time alone with Mike, afraid that it would only make things worse.

“Could I come over? I... need help on my homework.” Will quirks a brow, noticing how the boy didn't seem so sure in his reasoning. He should absolutely make up another excuse to keep him away and yet that small spark of hope dared to grow a little stronger.

“Yeah, sure.”

The fall into a silence after that, the only sounds coming from their bikes and the two arguing boys ahead of them. Will forces himself to concentrate almost *too* much on pedaling and where he's going in place of letting his imagination run wild on all the possible reasons Mike want to come over. He was likely just making something out of nothing and setting himself up for disappointment when he realized the other boy really did just want to work on homework.

He hasn't realized his mind had started wandering until he almost runs into Dustin who was slowing to a stop in front of them. The

other two stop as well and Will raises an eyebrow, wondering if he'd missed some crucial information again while he'd been daydreaming about someone he shouldn't be.

"I'm dragging Lucas' ass over to my house so we can pull out the comics. You guys coming?"

Will opens his mouth to answer but before he gets the chance, Mike jumps. "We'll pass. Going to work on that bullshit math assignment over at Will's."

"Fine, we'll tell you all about how *I* was right tomorrow." Lucas interjects before giving the other two a wave and jabbing at Dustin as he takes off in the direction of the other boy's house. Dustin shouts a profanity after him before glancing back to Will and Mike. "See you guys tomorrow."

They bid their farewells before heading off towards Will's house, the silence from before returning and serving to make the smaller teen even more anxious than before. By the time they're leaning their bikes against the front of the Byers house, Will had realized any chance of Mike changing his mind and going home for some reason were pretty much reduced to *zero*.

Will pulls his spare key from his bag, unlocking the front door and stepping inside. He moves out of the doorway and takes his bag off so he can shrug his jacket off and hang it on the hook. By the time he worms out of his jacket, Mike's already shed his and is moving away from the now closed front door. The other grabs his bag and follows after the dark haired boy, preparing to set his bag down at the table before he realizes Mike is heading for his room. *Great*. He hesitantly follows after him, reaching his room just as Mike drops his bag and flops down front first over the side of his bed. Will gently sets his own bag down beside his nightstand before sitting down on the bed.

"I have a confession." He says suddenly, causing the dark haired boy to turn his head slightly and quirk and eyebrow at him. "I kind of... already finished my homework."

Mike gives him a puzzled look, sitting up slightly before he asks, "Then why did you say you were going to work on your math?"

"To sound less boring?" He offers with an awkward shrug. It's met with silence for a long moment and Will can almost feel himself starting to panic.

"I have a confession too."

"Oh?"

"Yeah... I already did my math too." Mike replies, giving him a slight grin. A nervous laugh that can easily pass as one of relief leaves Will's throat and he shakes his head. "So what's your excuse?"

"Maybe I just wanted to hang out with you." He responds easily, giving a shrug that easily mimicked the one Will has given him only a few moments before.

"Is everything alright?" His own silly feelings were quickly pushed to the back of his mind as concern replaces it. He hoped nothing was going on at home or something was bothering Mike enough that he felt like he needed to escape to Will's room.

"Yeah... Yeah, everything's fine." Once again he sounds unsure and Will opens his mouth to say so but suddenly Mike cuts him off. "What do you think of the new girl?"

"Huh?"

"The new girl? The one that moved here last week?"

"Oh..." Will replies, clearly confused as to what the new girl had to do with anything. Had she said something to Mike that had bothered him? "I don't know. I mean... I haven't really talked to her or anything..." If he was honest, he hadn't paid her any attention at all. As awful as it sounded, she wasn't relevant to him in anyway and was too pretty and already way too popular to *ever* hang out with their group of friends.

"Do you think she's pretty?" He's about to ask why Mike wants to know when he notices how the other boy is acting. Fiddling with a loose thread in one of Will's blankets, biting his lower lip. *He liked her.* And with that realization, Will suddenly felt *sick* and at once that flicker of hope was completely extinguished.

"I-I don't... I guess." He replies, looking down to the blanket Mike is picking at and trying to force himself to hold back tears until later *after* the other teen is gone.

"I was thinking about maybe... asking her to the dance."

"Oh?" With what felt like an imaginary wad of cotton blocking his throat, Will was finding it hard to reply.

"Yeah, it's stupid though. I mean she'd never say yes to me anyway." He replies with a shrug and Will realizes now that what he'd really come over for was a pep talk. He wanted *Will* to give him the courage to ask out a girl. Of *all* the people he could have asked...

Will wants to tell him that he's right. That she'd *never* agree to go to a dance with him. Not because he really believed it to be true, but because he didn't *want* Mike to have feelings for some **girl**. It just wasn't *fair*. It wasn't fair that Will had to torment himself with these feelings for years and none of his best friends even knew about it.

He realizes Mike is still rambling on about this girl and it begins to sink in that this isn't just going to go away. His own crush wasn't going to go away and neither was Mike's, at least not any time soon. "You should ask her." Will says suddenly, surprising even himself. "If you don't, Dustin will be trying to hit on her." He jokes with a forced smile. It seems to go unnoticed by Mike seeing as the Wheeler boy returns the grin that slowly wavers. "But what if she says no?"

"Then she'll have missed out on going to a dance with a really cool guy." Now he just feels *really* sick.

Mike just gives him another smile before saying, "Maybe you should ask-" Will jumps to cut him off. "You know what, I just remembered I promised mom I would run to the store before I came home." He stands, grabbing his bag and knowing damn well his mother hadn't asked him to go to the store and knowing he didn't have any money anyway. "Sorry, Mike. I should go before she gets home. You should probably go too before your parents start to worry." He doesn't wait for a response, quickly leaving the room and throwing on his jacket before throwing his bag over his shoulder, ignoring Mike calling his name because if he turns around now Mike is *definitely* going to see tears. Instead he leaves the house, quickly grabbing his bike and

taking off.

Will realized as he cut through the woods to avoid Mike following him that he would just have to accept his life would always be full of secrets. Secrets about what really happened when he went missing, secrets about his sexuality, secrets about liking one of his best friends much more than he should. He wished there was a single person in the world that he could talk to, someone he wouldn't have to hide from.

He wished for once in his life he wouldn't have to keep his lips *sealed*.